

AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY

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contain the Society's
logo when it is
available

VOL.1 NO.1

NEWSLETTER

THE SOCIETY IS BORN

As support for the idea of forming an August Derleth Society grew, letters were sent to several of the late author's friends and associates. The following are excerpted from their responses.

Frank Belknap Long

"I feel, of course, that even in the absence of such a society August's position as a serious literary figure would remain for many years to come, all apart from the great number of friends and fellow-writers who will never fail to think of him with deep affection and hold him in the highest esteem. There are many critics of stature, and general fiction writers of no small renown who will not soon forget his great contribution, across the years, to the American regional novel and his importance as a guiding spirit in both the Lovecraftian and Baker Street realms (Arkham House is, in itself, a monument.)."

On the prospects of forming the Society, Mr. Long commented that he was "...entirely in accord with ...the importance of an August Derleth Society." And again, in a later letter: "I'm looking forward to the promised news concerning the project as it develops."

Among the writings of Mr. Long currently available are: The Early Long, published by Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. The work includes the classic "The Hounds of Tindalos." A bonus feature of the book is that each story is preceded by the author's reminiscences, recalling the circumstances in which the tale was written - a thoroughly enjoyable addition, characteristic of the Doubleday Science Fiction Series. Also available is H. P. Lovecraft, Dreamer On The Nightside, Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, a very readable biography of Lovecraft by the friend who knew him so well.

Robert Bloch

"It would seem to me that the basic difficulty you may encounter with your proposed society lies in the diversity of Derleth's writing - and, consequently, in the diversified interests of his readership. The fantasy-fans aren't generally interested in the Sac Prairie Sage - the regional-novel devotees don't necessarily care for the Solar Pons series - the Solar Pons devotees may take a dim view of Judge Peck - the Peck fans aren't necessarily interested in Derleth's poetry - poetry lovers may not like the Journals and similar items (VILLAGE DAY BOOK, WALDEN WEST, etc.)

and those who esteem same aren't likely to enjoy critical essays. But I'm sure you take my meaning. How does one appeal to such a various readership? Solve that and you'll have a success...In any case I do wish you well."

Mr. Bloch has stated the challenge succinctly. If we join together to share our enthusiasm for Derleth's works - all of his works - we will succeed in creating a society that is a cohesive force, a force that should bring us all to a greater appreciation of the ubiquitous genius that characterized the works of August Derleth.

Among the friends and former associates of August Derleth who have responded, few have been more generous with their time than Basil Copper. In addition to providing several valuable leads, he has promised to contribute to a future Newsletter. It will be good news to Mr. Copper's fans to learn that his latest book, And Afterward, The Dark is now available from Arkham House.

Richard Davis

"I certainly feel that it is a good idea, and long overdue, to form a Derleth Appreciation Society."

Additional accolades go to:

Frank Utpatel who has graciously consented to design a membership card for the Society's use. It is hoped that these will be available for distribution soon after the first of the year.

James Turner who has corresponded frequently and at some length. His assistance has been invaluable in obtaining leads to others who have in turn expressed enthusiasm for the idea of forming our Society.

FROM THE EDITOR

It's a pleasure to welcome you to the August Derleth Society. As of this date our birth has been a quiet one, unheralded in the halls of princes and potentates. But better to build slowly and on a firm foundation, than to enter the arena to the sound of trumpets only to discover that you've forgotten your pants.

To his friends and admirers August Derleth needs no introduction. It is these people who now form the present nucleus of the Society and who will determine its future. Each of you who has expressed an interest in becoming a member of the Society is asked to do two things. First, contribute something to the Newsletter, a suggestion, a letter, a poem, a drawing or sketch, whatever you'd like. Let's reserve this section primarily for the amateur. It would be unfair to professional writers to ask them to give away that for which they should normally be paid. Secondly, interest a friend in the writings of August Derleth and invite that friend to join the Society. Your participation will insure our survival as a viable literary organization.

One other thought comes to mind - Form a local chapter of the Society. This should be fairly easy in places like Sauk City and Madison, Wisconsin. The Newsletter can then devote a section to Chapter news and announcements of Chapter meetings.

A LIST OF AUGUST DERLETH'S WORKS IN PRINT

The following are available from Stanton & Lee Publishers, Inc., Sauk City, Wisc. 53583

Adult books

Title	Price
Bright Journey	7.50
Collected Poems	7.50
Countryman's Journal	6.95
Evening in Spring	4.95
The Hills Stand Watch	6.95
The House Above Cuzco	7.95
The House of Moonlight	7.95
The House on the Mound	6.95
New Poetry of Wisconsin, Derleth Ed.	7.50
One Hundred Books by August Derleth	3.00*
Restless is the River	6.95
Return to Walden West	7.95
Sac Prairie People	4.95
The Shadow in the Glass	8.50
The Shield of the Valiant	5.95
Sweet Land of Michigan	4.95
Village Daybook	5.95
Walden West	7.95
West of Morning	4.50
The Wind Leans West	6.95
Wisconsin	7.95
Wisconsin Country	5.95
A Wisconsin Harvest, Derleth, Ed.	6.95
Wisconsin In Their Bones	6.50

Juvenile books

Bill's Diary	3.95
A Boy's Way	3.95
It's A Boys World	3.95

Captive Island	4.95
The Irregulars Strike Again	4.95
Oliver, The Wayward Owl	3.95
The Pinkertons Ride Again	4.95
The Prince Goes West	4.95
The Tent Show Summer	4.95
The Three Straw Men	4.95
The Watcher On The Heights	4.95
Wilbur, The Trusting Whippoorwill	3.95
*Paperbound	

And of course, from Arkham House,
Sauk City, Wisconsin 53583

Dwellers in Darkness	6.50
Herrigans File	6.50
The Watcher Out Of Time & Others (with H.P. Lovecraft)	8.50
Dark Things, Derleth, Ed.	7.50*
The Chronicles of Solar Pons	6.00
Mr. Fairlies Final Journey	5.00*
Wisconsin Murders	5.00*
Mr. George & Other Odd Persons by "Stephen Grendon"	5.00

*Soon to go out of print

The Solar Pons Omnibus is delayed again.
Publication is now scheduled for some
time in 1978.

THE PRAED STREET IRREGULARS

Our society is not the first to be organized in honor of August Derleth. Luther Norris of Culver City, California is publisher of the Pontine Dossier an annual publication. ...inspired for Solar Pons and Sherlock Holmes, the Pontine Dossier also carries fact and fiction on all crime subjects." Mr. Norris is interested in receiving material and suggestions for the Dossier. The Dossier is the publications organ for "The Praed Street Irregulars," an organization of Solar Pons fans. The "Irregulars" presently boast more than one thousand members according to Mr. Norris. An annual dinner meeting is held each fall at the Greater L.A. Press Club in Los Angeles.

Persons interested in becoming members of the Praed Street Irregulars should contact Mr. Norris. His address:
Luther Norris
P.O. Box 261
Culver City, Ca. 90230

The next issue of the "Dossier" will carry an article announcing the August Derleth Society, thanks to Mr. Norris.

"WHISPERS" HONORS DERLETH

Stuart David Schiff, editor and publisher of "Whispers" has announced a mini-Derleth issue. Whispers #10, now available, contains a tribute to August Derleth and H.P. Lovecraft, as well as a fine series of drawings by Frank Utpatel. A must for every Derleth fan, Whispers #10 is available at \$2.00 the copy from:

Whispers/Whispers Press
Box 1492-W Azalea Street
Browns Mills, N.J. 08015

Mr. Schiff has also agreed to announce the formation of the Derleth Society in his publication.

THE SOCIETY'S CHARTER MEMBERS

James M. Angerine	Mark E. Lefebvre *
Betty Binns	Frank B. Long *
Robert Bloch *	Brian Lumley *
Emmarie T. Blum	Luther Norris *
Mrs. Helen E. Buenzli	Cyril Owen
Ramsey Campbell *	Cecil Ryder
Lloyd W. Cohen	George J. Marx
Basil Copper*	Stuart Schiff *
Barbara Davis	James Turner *
Richard Fawcett	Roger L. Wentz
Blanche S. Fitzsimmons	Frank Utpatel *
R.A. Gaval	Dirk W. Mosig
Dominic B. Guazzo	Larry Baker
Arnold Hagen	Masaki Abe
Dr. Josephine L. Harper *	
Bill Hartwig	
June Jevnisek	
The (Madison, Wisc.) Capital Times *	
Madison (Wisc.) Public Library	

*Enrolled as members by the editor as an expression of appreciation for their many kindnesses in helping with the formation of the August Derleth Society.

The above list of names is given without addresses out of respect for the privacy of the membership. If members wish to have their names and addresses printed in a directory to encourage correspondence between members only, please contact the editor.

Materials and suggestions are needed for future Newsletters. How do you feel about some of these suggestions?
Book reviews,
Announcements by authors of works in progress - books in print,
A poetry prize competition (modest prize)-judging by members,
A short story competition for persons not previously published-judging by members

D'ERLETTE

by Brian Lumley

A August by name, in lettered lore august,
U Unforgotten though Death hath struck
thee down,
G Giant, now fallen, though thy flesh be
dust,
U Undead thy works, thy spirit yet unflown.
S Sage of the Saga, literary Lord,
T Thy Works are legion - we can but applaud.

Our thanks to Brian Lumley who provided this original work for inclusion in our first newsletter.

The response of Ramsey Campbell has been typical of that of our English friends. They have expressed unqualified support for the Society and have been most generous with their expressions of that support.

The following is excerpted from Mr. Campbell's article, "Derleth as I Knew Him," a compilation of letters exchanged by the two authors between August 19, 1961 and May 24, 1971.

DERLETH AS I KNEW HIM *
by Ramsey Campbell

19.8.61 "Dear Mr. Campbell:

All thanks for your letter of the 16th. I should say at the outset that we had better see your pastiches of Lovecraft Mythos stories because a) the Lovecraft material is copyrighted and so protected and b) the approval of Arkham House is necessary before any copyrighted material can be released for publication. This is a necessary provision, of course, because if we did not enforce it scores of cheap imitations would flood the market, reflecting unfavorably on Lovecraft and his work."

That was how it began. I was fifteen and eager as a puppy. I was also more than a little terrified of having written to a genuine professional writer, and one

*Dark Horizons #8, Journal of the British Fantasy Society, April 1974. Huntingdon, England. pp. 3-7. Copyright Ramsey Campbell. Reprinted with permission of the author.

who had contributed to the legendary Weird Tales at that. These attitudes combined to make me shower Derleth with questions on every possible subject in the weird fiction field and wait panting for the answers. I don't know how he put up with me. That he did so is a considerable tribute to him.

26.8.61 "No, of course I don't have the time to tell you the contents of our projected books." Let's go on before his patience wears thin. Here he is, giving the game away about the genesis of the Severn Valley setting of some of my stories:

6.10.61 "What I suggest you do is establish a setting in a costal area of England and create your own British milieu. This would not appreciably change your stories, but it would give them a much needed new setting and would not, in the reader's mind, invite a direct comparison with Lovecraft; for in such a comparison they would not show up as well as if you had your own setting and place-names for the tales."

And here he is putting the boot in THE TOMB-HERD (later to become THE CHURCH IN THE HIGH STREET:

18.10.61 "On p. 15 here, I think the telegram very bad, almost amusingly bad. Certainly it doesn't strike the note you want. It is much too definite, for one thing, and Lovecraft by and large avoided being too definite in descriptions of his malignant entities. Redo this - and bear in mind that nobody wd. write 'what is this thing that flops unspeakably down the passage' etc. Nonsense! This only makes the story ridiculous. If a man is composing a wire and hears something come, he might scrawl, 'Oh, God - it's coming!' or something of that sort, but hardly the silly lines you put down here, which, instead of inspiring with horror, only fill with jeering laughter."

Well, that's the sort of approach that can make or break a writer. It made me, and at Derleth's death a good deal of forthrightness went out of editing of weird fiction. I suppose he had a special relationship with the young me - paternal, if you like. Soon he began to take me by the hand without my asking. Thus, for example:

25.10.61 "Don't be trapped - I mean, don't depend on writing alone to make you a living. I did, and while I managed to fare well by leaning on my parents for ten years, I don't recommend it; when you're out of school get yourself a decent, not too harrowing job, and write as much as possible."

And again, when I told him I was planning to attend a science-fiction convention:

20.11.61 "Fans, I find, are the biggest time-wasters in the business, however gratifying some of their adulation may be for the time being; you are apt to find sycophants and adulation something for which you pay a high price in time, and the most valuable thing you have to use is time, not money."

I attended it anyway, of course. My father wasn't going to choose my friends for me. He didn't want me to give my work to fanzines, either, in case it fell by accident into the public domain.

4.12.61 "If you want that to happen, son, you are just simply not very bright."

Indeed (to step out of chronology for a moment) he went further:

21.5.62 "Seriously now, if you have any serious intentions of becoming a writer, it is high time you stopped playing around with fanzines. Fanzine contributions are made up chiefly of two classes - authors not good enough to get into professional print, and authors of some reputations who have been suckered into contributing gratis. Very few fanzine authors have ever subsequently appeared between hard covers. I can't tell you not to appear in fanzines, but to tell the truth, I will give a long hard look at your book ms. if its contents have been made available to the fans free of charge. The book editor's point of view is simply this: why shd. I pay for the privilege of publishing this if the author can give it away to a fanzine? This is bound to be my own attitude also."

Whether this related to some unpleasant experience of his own I don't know. I muttered and grumbled over the letter, but most of the good sense came through. After all, I had to give him credit for experience, which placed our relationship above the reality (and for that matter, the psychology) of much blood paternalism. Besides, by then he had displayed a professional's objectivity about his own work:

15.1.62 "And in these books (a list of some of his non-fantasy work) you have the best of my work, I think, beyond question. Not quite 10% of my total output - but then, as writing goes, that is a good enough average."

By this time "Dear Mr. Campbell" had become "Dear JRC". I worried about giving offence, then wrote, "Dear AWD" (if he didn't mind, I hurriedly added). I was still in awe of him. My ~~awe~~ turned to ire when he replied to my manuscript of THE CHURCH IN HIGH STREET, partly as follows:

7.2.62 "I have now read THE TOMB-HERD, and while I am not altogether satisfied with it, I believe I can use the story... subject to certain conditions: 1) that the title be altered to THE CHURCH IN THE HIGH STREET; 2) that I be given a free editorial hand to alter and delete as I see fit. For instance, the initial paragraph should go. Following the quotation from Alhazred, the story should begin with: 'If I had not been the victim of circumstances, I know that I would never have gone to ancient TempPhill.' - 'rotting, ancient' is a bit too much at this juncture. I want, in short, to make the story more direct, in some places less clear, in some places more, and I want to guard against overwriting, of which there is a bit in this ms."

What! My carefully revised second draft, not satisfactory? After I'd even drawn a sketch-map of TempPhill, in imitation of Lovecraft? But what good sense temporarily failed to achieve, a \$50.00 carrot managed. Yes, I wrote back, I accept, clawing soles with nails as I did so. The original manuscript isn't handy, and so I can't inflict that first blue-pencilled paragraph on you to demonstrate how right he was.

Later in the month he was (more gently) right again:

A generous man, willing to give unselfishly of his own time to a beginning writer; not a man to mince words - direct and to the point - advise that might not have gone down easily, but honest words from a man who knew his business. Certainly Ramsey Campbell did not suffer from the exchange. We, the readers, have been the beneficiaries of August Derleth's foresight.

Future editions of the Newsletter will contain additional excerpts from Mr. Campbell's article, which has been reproduced here only in part.

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY PREPARING

DERLETH PAPERS

Dr. Josephine L. Harper, reference archivist for the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, reports that personal papers of August Derleth are currently undergoing archival study, arrangement and a detailed inventory. They are not presently open for research and may require "two years or so to complete as it is only one of several large processing projects in progress."

In any event, Derleth fans can be cheered by the fact that his papers are in good hands and receiving the proper care and attention that they deserve.

Dr. Harper asks that persons interested in the Derleth papers refrain from visiting the State Historical Society for the purpose of examining these papers until the collection is reopened. We will be in touch with Dr. Harper periodically and will keep our Society members appraised of the progress of this important project.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Membership fee \$1.00 (Covers cost of Newsletter for one year)

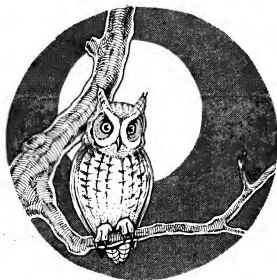
mail to:

RICHARD H. FAWCETT
61 Teeecomwas Drive
Uncasville, CT. 06382

A PORTFOLIO OF WISCONSIN SKETCHES

by

BILL HARTWIG



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VOL.1 NO.2

NEWSLETTER



AUGUST DERLETH: ©
A GIANT REMEMBERED

by Basil Copper



It began in the late twenties and early thirties when I, a very young schoolboy, first became aware of the harsh, pungent aroma of American pulp-fiction. These publications have long since disappeared from British bookstalls, but I can close my eyes and smell them now, plunge again in memory into the already yellowing pages.

For the American pulp magazine had invaded Britain in a big way and the gaudy yellow, purple and scarlet covers were stacked carelessly in large mounds in Woolworths and in racks at railway bookstalls. The cowboy and gangster magazines, notably Black Mask, which contained the early short stories of Chandler, interested me not at all.

My mind had already been entrapped by the fantastic, the macabre and the terrible, and along with the imaginings of such writers as Wells, Bierce and Blackwood, I was immediately taken by the statuesque nudes and Laocoon-like writhings of squamous, blasphemous creatures from the lower depths which enlivened or perhaps disfigured - it is

impossible to make judgement now at this seemingly vast distance in time - the covers of Weird Tales.

Amazing to recall that they were available to every corner then at the counter of my particular Woolworths in Kent for an incredible threepence piece and I had dozens of them in my pulp fiction collection. All gone with the wind, alas, and not one single copy remains to romanticise my shelves.

At about the same time I began desultorily collecting the famous Not at Night series of horror stories, edited by Christine Campbell Thomson and published by Selwyn and Blount at the amazingly low price of two shillings. They had first appeared in 1925 but it was not until much later that I discovered them, probably around 1935 when their price had not risen by as much as a penny.

If I remembered correctly there were twenty volumes in the original series, they sold in stupefying quantities -

tens of thousands - and these volumes, together with the Weird Tales editions, first introduced me to some writers who were later to make giant reputations. Strangely enough, I recall only a few titles from this period. One Weird Tales opus was FORCES MUST BALANCE by someone called Ed Earl Repp, though the story itself sounds more like science-fiction than the macabre.

For by now the macabre had taken firm hold and I devoured every book, classic or otherwise, that I could get hold of between the ages of ten and eighteen. Slowly, favourites began to emerge; I remember once, at about the age of twelve, being terrified by a story in Weird Tales which concerned a thing which was disembowelling sheep on a lonely hillside.

I rediscovered the piece, graced by good paper, decent type and between hard-covers many years later; it could only have been H.P. Lovecraft's celebrated THE DUNWICH HORROR which chronicled the terrible adventures of the immortal Wilbur Whateley. Names were emerging now, both in the pages of Weird Tales and in the Not as Night series.

One of them had written some stories which took my fancy. Together with Lovecraft, Henry S. Whitehead, Hazel Heald (I did not then know of Lovecraft's ghost-writing) and a handful of others, he became my favourite. Remember, that in the thirties and even the forties, good macabre writers were few and far between and their work had to be sought in the pages of the anthologies that were issued sparsely and at long intervals over the years, or in the occasional single-writer collections. All in hardback, for there were few paperbacks then.

Some titles remained in the mind, began to reappear as anthologies became more frequent. A particular favourite was PRINCE BORGIA'S MASS. Another was THE TENANT. A third THE EXTRA PASSENGER. Their author was a man named August Derleth.

In the pulp magazines, sandwiched among advertisements for trusses and cures for scum, it was difficult to take even the best macabre fiction seriously. Given the dignity of hard-covers and graceful type these writers began to emerge as serious literary figures, even in the small, specialised niche they had chosen.

Years passed but the name of August Derleth continued to emerge in a variety of spheres; as editor; as anthologist; as the champion of Lovecraft. I also became enamoured of an excellent writer of ghost stories, whose delicate-hued narratives had something in them of Algernon Blackwood and Lord Dunsany (whom I knew and met many times as a journalist).

The ghost tales were written by a man named Stephen Graddon and again it was a long time before I learned that he and August Derleth were the same person. I discovered Arkham House in the first two or three years of the war when rare copies found their way to British shores; and when serving aboard a motor torpedo boat engaged in fighting German E-boats in the Channel during some of the most bitter winters of the war, I found off-duty consolation in the philosophy of Thoreau and his remembered tranquility of Walden Pond.

Again, there was a connection with Derleth; for I discovered he was an essayist, a fine nature writer, a biographer of Thoreau and he himself had often walked the shores of Walden Pond. Peace came, more years went by but still Derleth was a name in the background and gradually he began to permeate my consciousness in many different fields.

I pursued a career in journalism, became a newspaper editor, collected books, travelled and amassed a collection of historic films. When I was struggling to establish myself as a professional writer of novels, non-fiction studies and macabre stories nearly two decades ago his name again came before me on the fly-leaf of a book. He was an author and a publisher, was he not? But it was not until some time later that, on impulse, I wrote to him.

He replied in most cordial terms, asking to see my work. Some of my tales had already seen publication in Pen Books and I was astonished to learn that he had already heard of me. His encouragement, long and enjoyable letters and his patronage when he offered to publish my first American hardback under the imprint of his famous Arkham House, formed one of the warmest and most delightful strands of my writing life.



Unfortunate indeed that our correspondence was to last only five or six years, for his chats on paper, in which he was incredibly frank about his financial and other difficulties, were a constant example to me of honesty and courage in the face of great odds which bolstered my own resolution in times of discouragement and financial difficulty.

I have already paid public tribute to August on both sides of the Atlantic in my own non-fiction studies, so I would prefer to paint a more intimate picture of a good-humoured, generous and loveable human being in these random recollections. I am on record as saying he was a Renaissance man. This was literally true and his huge appetite for literature and life kept him at his desk under an incredible work-load that would have consumed lesser men, for decade after decade.

A great deal of his work was slipshod and careless, of course; what of that? He wrote too much, turning out nearly 200 books as well as thousands of pieces of journalism. Agreed. But at his best he could write beautifully, and much of his work will last. Surely his ghost story MR GEORGE is one of the finest things of its kind in the language.

He was in turn poet, essayist, pasticheur of Sherlock Holmes in his famous SOLAR PONS series; broadcaster; Hollywood script-writer; journalist; newspaper columnist; macabre writer, both in the novel and the shorter form; champion of Lovecraft; publisher and founder of the world's finest macabre imprint, ARKHAM HOUSE; regional novelist with massive historical sagas like WIND OVER WISCONSIN; book column editor; anthologist; nature writer; great walker and tireless collector of comic strips, of which he had possibly the world's largest collection; collector of morrels, a delicacy in the mushroom line in his search for which he tramped miles through his beloved Wisconsin woods.

He was humorous; incredibly generous, often paying one for work which would not see print for literally years. He was the last of the all-round litterateurs; the complete man of letters, as he often proclaimed himself. He had a huge zest for life; loved wisely and unwisely; was himself greatly loved. A man of enormous physique and enormous appetite, both for food and the good things of this life, his fall was like that of a giant oak.

I had only recently received a letter from him in hospital one beautiful summer morning in 1971 and was reading it at breakfast when I was called to the phone at 8.30 a.m. It was my old friend Richard Davis and the news he imparted was like a physical blow. Certainly the small literary world which embraces the macabre and the fantastic was shaken to its foundations. Yet not one English daily or evening newspaper saw fit to chronicle his death.

Like Lovecraft he passed almost unnoticed except for the gigantic ripples in the small, rather esoteric world he had chosen to make his own. So celebrated a writer as Sinclair Lewis had once in public proclaimed a great future for the young Wisconsin writer; perhaps he did August a disservice, for ever after he drew on the quotation and basked in the kudos it had brought him.

Understandable, perhaps, yet the rainbow he sought somehow always eluded him; year after year he toiled on, sometimes working against mountainous debts, supporting his family of two small children and his aged mother; his home; the publishing house he had founded; and still finding himself able to make the generous gestures toward friends and struggling writers who would perhaps never have found publication at all except within the covers of The Arkham Sampler, the small magazine issued as a corollary to the Arkham House imprint.

Yet he was not a tragic figure; he enormously enjoyed his life and the literary acclaim he found inside and outside his home state, and by any standards his was a gigantic achievement in so many fields. Better, perhaps, to have specialized more; to have written less; and published fewer poor writers. Yet he could not have done other than he did; for he was August Derleth, a proud, generous, kindly man, whom I shall always be glad to have known, even through the medium of the many lengthy and sometimes hilarious letters we exchanged.

It was true, though, that August did care about the neglect of his more serious work as an important regional novelist and he greatly regretted, as he often told me, that such books as EVENING IN SPRING, RESTLESS IS THE RIVER and SHIELD OF THE VALIANT had never been published in England or Europe. Ironically, though, this will probably prove to be only a matter of time.

His Solar Pons stories have been widely paperbacked in America and in addition to the two-volume hardback edition being issued by Arkham House -- (I little thought in 1935 as a small child that 40 years later I would spend some eight months editing and revising the entire Canon for Arkham) -- plans are now afoot to publish the tales in England.

I have myself so far written some four volumes of Solar Pons stories, following August's original model, and this has been one of the most pleasing tributes I could have paid to his memory and to the long and fruitful collaboration I have enjoyed with Arkham and its Editor, James Turner.

Volumes of anthologies edited or presented by August are now in print on a world scale; in hardback from such distinguished English publishers as Gollancz; and in paperback from such diverse imprints as New English Library, Panther and Mayflower. His reputation can only increase and appreciate as the years go by while Arkham House itself in its prosperous and steady continuance is a living memorial to his courage and his life-work.

Let me end by selecting a few typical extracts from his letters -- (and I hope one day that perhaps Arkham might issue a selection chosen from the thirty-odd years that August was in charge).

In 1967 he wrote, "I am sorry, though, that my work in England seems to be limited to entertainment -- none of my serious work has been published over there, and that is a matter of great regret because, for one thing, it is after all my best, and, for another, I've always been a profound Anglophile."

And in the same letter, "I suppose that MR GEORGE is one of my better tales of the macabre. I am also rather fond of MRS MANIFOLD, LONESOME PLACES, A ROOM IN A HOUSE and THE PANELLIED ROOM... Like yourself, I admire the work of Robert Aickman and Roald Dahl. Dahl is rather more in a class with John Collier, while Aickman seems to me more in the tradition of M.R. James and Wakefield."

On a postcard the same year, "I've been off teaching for a fortnight and now face all the accumulated mail -- and that never comes in small amounts, often averaging 50 letters a day."

Again, a wistful note is struck a little later, in August, 1967, "It is gratifying to know that my paperbacks are well displayed and selling well over there. But I confess I would be more gratified at publication of such a book as WALDEN WEST, which is a considerably more solid creative achievement."

On a writer "drying up". "But dry periods come to us all, really. I know many writers, old and young, and these periods are as natural as anything in a creative individual's life. They are difficult for one-type writers, but of little moment in the case of a more versatile writer. They've never really troubled me, and I mention the instance in 'Lovecraft as Mentor' solely because it was so v. unusual in my experience. It is less so now, of course, since I've lived a much longer time -- 30 years longer, to be exact."

On the macabre, "I suppose it is inevitable that I should be identified primarily as a writer in the domain of the macabre, though only a quarter of my work (including detective fiction) could be so classified, and I look upon that writing as rather an entertainment..."

On publishing, "I'm putting up a warehouse this coming year (1969), probably in the summer; that will slow up my book production a little, but no matter... I have a jr. novel to do directly I finish the revision of the biographical memoir -- for it is that of HPL, rather than a biography, which I wouldn't undertake until all the Lovecraft letters have been brought out".

"Yes, of course, I have a master file of the Arkham House books. I suspect there must now be about 100 of them. But warehouse or not, I do expect to do more selective publishing beginning in a few years; I publish too many slow-moving books, and that leaves me perpetually running a hand-to-mouth business, with just enough money for the bills and none with which to enjoy myself; and, since I'll turn 60 2/24 (1969) I do feel I'd better set up a savings account, instead of just a checking account, so that I won't be caught disastrously short in the event of an economic recession of major proportions, which, in these inflationary times, is not an improbability, no matter how much our respective governments fancy they've hedged against that possibility".

On moving house, "I should hate to think I might have to do it some day - what with my many thousands of books, to say nothing of the stock of Arkham House - yet this latter will have to be moved this summer when my new warehouse is up, out of the basement and one gable room of this spacious house, and into the new quarters for a more efficient operation. That is a prospect I view with horror, esp. since I must...prepare two books for the printer, teach two weeks, and then go into hospital early in August (1969) - my gall bladder must be removed, they tell me".

On his family, "Yes, thank you, the children are well. April Rose will be 15 August 9, and Walden 13 August 22. April already helps with Arkham House, entering books so that I can pay royalties when they fall due, without delay... My major work, -i.e., that I want most to do, must now wait upon my return from hospital".

On his illness, (3rd November, 1969). "Yes, my silence has been due to illness. I am just back from hospital - 87 days on my back, 4 operations, pneumonia, peritonitis, pleuritis, a collapsed and punctured lung, hepatitis - well, you name it. Had I been a heavy smoker or drinker, I'd have been planted by now; being neither, and keeping myself in good condition saved me. One dr. described me to another as 'a tough old bastard' which I took as a compliment. For a month my condition was critical, but now I'm back at the old stand - v. weak, learning to walk... I face 500 letters to answer".

One could go on quoting. Several things stand out from all this. Great physical courage; lion-heartedness in adversity; good humour; optimism; generosity and probity in business dealings. Any one of these things would outweigh the debit side of most men.

Before I forget I should add a few more things to the list of his achievements; devoted father and family man; the writing of children's books; the filming of his works for TV and the cinema; a new venture, the recording of his own poems, read by himself; his prolific lecturing stint at universities in Wisconsin, where he conducted seminars; walking; swimming; the writing of detective stories, which included the Judge Peck series; chess; and the collecting of a library of over 12,000 volumes, with special emphasis on fantasy and the macabre, of course.

Among his many honours were the award of the Guggenheim Fellowship in 1938 and recognition from a large number of universities and organisations followed. He received the Apostolic Blessing of Pope John for his Wisconsin Books series in 1959.

In my mind's eye I still see him, a kindly and gigantic figure, striding along beside the shore of Walden Pond or giving up the whole of May every year, wandering the woods in search of his beloved morels. And his cheerful salutation, at the end of his letters, in which one seemed almost to hear the voice; All best, always. Cordially yours.

These are cliché's, I know, but true just the same. We shall not see his like again. He will be missed through the years, not only by me to whom he was a friend and an encourager, but by countless thousands whom he had helped by his generosity, his example, his courage and his talent. All best, always, August.

This article, written especially for the August Derleth Society Newsletter by Mr. Copper, is copyrighted 1977 by Basil Copper and may not be reproduced without permission of the author.

Illustrations are by Bill Hartwig



SOURCES

Works of August Derleth mentioned in Mr. Copper's article may be located as follows:

Short stories of the macabre

From Mr. George and Other Odd Persons Arkham House, 1963. *

"Mr. George," pp. 3-34.

"Mrs. Manifold," pp. 225-239.

"The Extra Passenger," pp. 152-162.

"The Extra Passenger," may also be found in The Night Side, August Derleth, Editor, Rinehart & Co., N.Y., 1947. pp. 59-68. OP

From Lonesome Places, Arkham House, 1962. OP

"The Lonesome Place," pp. 3-12.

"A Room In A House," pp. 68-79.

From Someone In The Dark, Arkham House, 1941. OP

"The Panelled Room," pp. 228-244.

From Not Long For This World, Arkham House, 1948. OP

"Prince Borgia's Mass," pp. ?

"The Tenant," pp. ?

Not Long For This World was also published by Ballantine Books, N.Y. 1961.

The Solar Pons Series

In RE: Sherlock Holmes - The Adventure of Solar Pons, Mycroft & Moran, 1945. OP

The Memoirs of Solar Pons, Mycroft & Moran, 1951. OP

Three Problems For Solar Pons, Mycroft & Moran, 1952. OP

The Return Of Solar Pons, Mycroft & Moran, 1958. OP

The Reminiscences Of Solar Pons, Mycroft & Moran, 1961. OP

The Casebook Of Solar Pons, Mycroft & Moran, ? OP

Mr. Fairlie's Final Journey, Mycroft & Moran, 1968. *

A Praed Street Dossier, Mycroft & Moran, 1968. OP

The Adventure Of The Unique Dickensians, Mycroft & Moran, ? OP

The Chronicles Of Solar Pons, Mycroft & Moran, 1973. *

This latter work contains "The Adventure of the Unique Dickensians."

Awaiting publication: The Solar Pons Omnibus.

The Solar Pons series has also been published by Pinnacle Books, 275 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Book Length Works

Walden West, Duell, Sloan & Pearce, N.Y., 1961. OP

_____, Stanton & Lee, Sauk City, Wisc. *

Evening In Spring, Chas. Scribner's Sons, N.Y., 1941. OP

_____, Stanton & Lee, Sauk City, Wisc., *

Restless Is The River, Chas. Scribner's Sons, N.Y. 1939.

_____, Stanton & Lee, Sauk City, Wisc. *

The Shield Of The Valiant, Chas. Scribner's Sons, N.Y. 1945.

_____, Stanton & Lee, Sauk City, Wisc. *

OP - Out of Print

* - available

macabre works and Solar Pons books from Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisc. 53583.

other works from, Stanton & Lee, Sauk City, Wisc., 53583.

NEW SOCIETY MEMBERS

Robert S. Dennison	Patricia C. Anderson
James Foster	Mrs. Cecil Burleigh
John Martens	Mrs. Orilla Blackshear
Lisa Mulcahy	William A. Gromko
Peter J. Relton	Mrs. K.E. Neumann
Malcolm Ferguson	Robert K. Searles
Steve Misovich	Harry O. Morris Jr.

Special mention and apologies to Tom Collins whose name was accidentally omitted from our first list. Sorry Tom.

Due to limited publicity of the Society's existence, all members who join during our first year (November 1977 to October 1978) will be considered as charter members.

DIogenes, SHELVE YOUR LANTERN!

That August Derleth was an extraordinary person is hardly an arguable point among members of this Society, but did you know that: On May 21, 1958 August Derleth wrote a book review for the Capitol (Wisc) Times? Not a very extraordinary event, you may argue. But wait, there's more to come.

The book review in question was written by Derleth on the occasion of the publication of one of his own books; he reviewed The House On The Mound.

A bit irregular, perhaps, but so what?

Ready!

He panned it! Yes, August Derleth said some very unkind things about his own book!

Derleth wrote: "THE HOUSE ON THE MOUND ... might serve as an object lesson for would-be writers in how not to write a novel and it demonstrates depressingly - now that I see it in print - how faithful adherence to history and biography, when the author elects to use real people under their own names in his work, can stultify his imagination and such fictive skill as he may possess. In my considered judgement (I have never been particularly noted for false modesty), THE HOUSE ON THE MOUND emerges as a dull and rather tiresome novel." *

Charles A. Pearce, of Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Derleth's astounded publishers, countered with the following: "... an engrossing major work by one of America's most important and versatile writers". *

Mr. Pearce added: "This is the first time we have known an author to bludgeon his own work. Fortunately, he did it with a blunt and dull instrument and, for the most part, he missed his aim, and he did have the saving sense to call his review a 'Minority Report'. *

Who was right, publisher or author? Read the book and decide for yourself. Share your opinions with the newsletter and we'll publish the results of this "members poll" in a future Newsletter.

Whatever the outcome of our poll, August Derleth certainly has to be classified as "one of a kind".

*From the Capital Times, Madison, Wisc. May 21, 1958. Permission to reprint granted by Elliott Mareniss, Exec. Editor

TAVERN BILL

by
Steve Eng

Time-feast:

The ghouls are all gobbling the years,

Space-beast

Is drinking Eternity's tears -

At least

The Death Angel pays for our beers.

"Tavern Bill" is copyrighted by Steve Eng. Mr. Eng has also appeared in the Arkham Collector - see issue #9, p. 264. "May Eve"

RECOMMENDED READING

This issue we are pleased to recommend four works to our members, two old, two new.

EVENING IN SPRING has been recalled by August Derleth as one of his favorite works. He once stated that it was almost completely autobiographical.

Perhaps the subject of this work may prove a bit too sentimental for some reader's tastes, but for those who can recall the bitter-sweet memories of teenage romance, and how very important it all seemed then, EVENING IN SPRING is so faithful a reproduction of the pangs of first love that it almost hurts to read it. It is a sensitive work; a fine example of Derleth's versatility as a writer.

100 BOOKS BY AUGUST DERLETH, originally published by Arkham House, is available in a paperback reprint from Stenton & Lee and well worth the modest price of \$3.00. It is an invaluable reference for Derleth fans since it contains a list of not only his first one hundred and two works with detailed publishing histories, but a list of his works filmed for television, a list of magazines and periodicals in which his writings have appeared, information on recordings, lectures, and appraisals of August Derleth's writing.

The information in 100BOOKS is, of course, incomplete since August Derleth went on to write many more books, and achieved numerous other literary accomplishments. Perhaps the members of the August Derleth Society would be interested in updating the information in this work? One place

we might begin is with the list of August Derleth stories filmed for television. Does anyone have an up-to-date list?

New releases from Arkham House include, AND AFTERWARD, THE DARK by Basil Copper, and IN MAYAN SPLENDOR by Frank B. Long. Both are well worth the reader's investment of a few hard-earned dollars.

Mr. Copper continues to exercise his mastery of plot and mood as he presents five deadly tales for the reader's enjoyment. "Dust to Dust" is a delicious example of the author's abilities. The plot, handled by a lesser writer, would come off as nothing; presented with Mr. Copper's usual mastery and skill, it commands the reader's attention from mundane beginning to awful and inevitable end. Something about the last story in this collection, "The Flabby Men," recalls the short stories of William Hope Hodgson, nor does Mr. Copper's work suffer from the comparison.

IN MAYAN SPLENDOR is a collection of Frank B. Long's early poems. This slim volume should provide fans of Mr. Long with moments of pleasant reminiscence. The title poem "In Mayan Splendor," is worth the price of the book.

MEMBERS' CORNER

We are indebted to Emmerie T. Blum for sharing a very personal moment with us.

"It was May, 1955, and it was my first visit back to my home in Sauk City, Wisconsin after leaving the cloister a short two months before. Uppermost in my mind was to visit Augie in his home, Place of Hawks. My cousin, George J. Marx, one of Augie's close friends, took me there. I was ushered into Augie's study on the second floor, where he was seated at his circular desk. His first action typified his sense of humor. Rising from his chair, he beckoned me to come close, then ran his fingers through my still wavy red hair and said: 'Why, it's real after being hidden under a veil all these years.'"

"What better way to break the uncomfortable tension clinging to an ex-nun when meeting a friend of years gone by. I shall always remember Augie as a person with whom I could feel comfortable."

EDITORIAL

Since Basil Copper's fine article represents the focus of this Newsletter, it is appropriate that we use it as a starting point for editorial comment.

Mr. Copper provides several quotations from August Derleth's letters which indicate those works rated highest by Derleth himself.

It was while reading one of these books, WALDEN WEST, that the necessity for forming an August Derleth Society became obvious. Here was a writer of major stature deserving of the highest position among American men of letters. To suggest that Derleth's overall work was uneven and only occasionally reached this level of excellence is, to my mind, beside the point. He and no one else wrote WALDEN WEST. Had John Steinbeck never written another book, his GRAPES OF WRATH is a work any writer would sell his soul to equal. Anyone who reaches this level even once in a lifetime can let the sour grapes bounce off his hide for the rest of his days.

Steinbeck had the ability to make his characters live and often to hold them up as a mirror in which we could see our own reflections, with all the humor, sadness, goodness and stupidity (to name just a few of many human qualities) that this action suggests. It was something of this quality that I found in WALDEN WEST. A rare talent, the ability to write about ordinary human beings with feeling and understanding.

I suspect that August Derleth knew his subject so well because he cared about people, because he took the time to listen and to watch the people and the world around him. We could all take a lesson from this. Stop for a moment on our headlong rush through life - look around for a moment, and listen.

For the record, the second issue of the August Derleth Society Newsletter is released February, 1978. Membership dues are \$1.00 per year. Please make checks payable to: RICHARD H. FAWCETT
61 TEECOMWAS DRIVE
UNCASVILLE, CT. 06382

If you own letters written by August Derleth that would be of interest to Society members, we would appreciate photocopies of same. The editor will pay for xeroxing, but please write in advance. Our funds are limited.

AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY



VOL. 1 NO. 3

NEWSLETTER

THE AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN - A MILESTONE

Wilfred V. Beaver of Sparta, Wisconsin has agreed to accept responsibility for the formation of a headquarters chapter of the August Derleth Society. Mr. Beaver intends to launch a membership and publicity campaign immediately.

"A state meeting set up for this spring or summer (depending on acceptance by the people)," is also in his plans.

This is a great moment for the Society. Mr. Beaver's action brings us one step closer to establishing the August Derleth Society on a permanent foundation. Wisconsin, in all fairness, should be the garden where the Society takes root and grows to fruition. It was, after all August Derleth's home state and the place where he grew to become an author of stature.

The chapter formed by Mr. Beaver will be considered our "home" chapter and its officers will comprise the official officers of the Society. It is assumed that membership in this "home" chapter will be open to all, whether residents of Wisconsin or elsewhere, but in more practical terms it makes the greatest sense that the officers of a society should, for the most part, dwell in some geographic proximity to one another in order to facilitate meetings and the business of the organization.

The Newsletter will continue to originate from Uncasville, Connecticut, and since this aspect of the venture is financed solely by members dues, requests for membership and dues payments should continue to be sent to our Connecticut address. Just so there is no confusion, your editor has no intention of relinquishing responsibility for this Newsletter.

We sincerely hope that other local chapters of the ADS will be organized as time goes by, perhaps eventually even outside the state of Wisconsin. We are delighted, however, with Mr. Beaver's offer and with his willingness to give so unselfishly of his time and talent in the interest of furthering the success of the ADS.

A word about the man who figures to play a prominent part in our Society's future:

Wilfred Beaver was born on June 19, 1920 in Huntington, Indiana and moved to Chicago, Illinois at the age of 4. He grew up in that city, spending his summer vacations at the farm of an aunt and uncle at Angelo, Wisconsin. He attended Sparta High School in 1936, later visited "August Derleth country," where he attended lectures given by Derleth himself. Mr. Beaver states that he, "Studied his (Derleth's) style of writing to use in my own works as I grew older."

Disabled as a result of injuries sustained while on active duty with the U.S. Army in 1944, he perfected his writing style and began selling poems and articles during a lengthy three year period of hospitalization and convalescence.

Later, in the 1960's, Mr. Beaver began writing both technical and how-to-do-it articles. It was during this period of his life, while working as an industrial chemist in a grain mill laboratory, that he suffered a permanently disabling accident.

In spite of set-backs that would have discouraged lesser men, Wilfred Beaver stands out as a remarkably tough individual who continues his creative and organizational activities despite all the obstacles thrown in his way. The ADS is indeed fortunate to count this man among its members and is honored that he has consented to assume a primary position of leadership. His action assures a promising future for our fledgling society.

In order to give our members some idea of the energy of this man, the following is a list of some of the organizations to which he belongs.

August Derleth Society
Monroe County Historical Society
Spart Poetry Circle
Heritage Writers Round Table
Academy of American Poets
Western Wisc. Regional Arts Group
Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets
Council of Wisconsin Writers
Raconteurs
Wisconsin Regional Writers
Wisconsin Rural Artists
Wisc. Academy of Science Arts & Letters
State Historical Society of Wisconsin
Association of American Geographers
National Space Institute
Space Studies Institute
Wisconsin Map Society



SOCIETY'S LOGO INTRODUCED

We are pleased to introduce with this issue, the emblem of the August Derleth Society as designed by the noted Wisconsin artist, Frank Utpatel.

Newsletter #3 features as its masthead, a beautifully appropriate sketch by Mr. Utpatel which the artist prepared expressly for the Society. It appears here for the first time, and will be featured in all future newsletters as well as serving as an official letterhead for Society stationery.

Mycologists will, of course, recognize AWD's beloved morels in the foreground, but take a moment to study the sketch. Is this a quiet moonlit scene of a peaceful Wisconsin night, or is that "witch-haunted Arkham," hiding just beyond the hill?

Whatever the scene, our debt of gratitude to Mr. Utpatel for his fine contribution will not be forgotten soon.

STORIES FILMED FOR T V*

100 BOOKS BY AUGUST DERLETH lists the following stories as having been filmed for television:

The Metronome
Mrs Manifold
The Sheraton Mirror
The Shuttered House
Bishop's Gambit
"Just a Song at Twilight"
Alannah
The Adventure of the Frightened Baronet
Mr George
The Intercrossors (Summer Night)
The Night Light at Vorden's
The Extra Passenger
A Wig for Miss Devore
The Return of Andrew Bentley
Colonel Markesan

Since this list was published in 1962, it is undoubtedly incomplete. If you know of additional Derleth stories that have been filmed for TV, please contact the editor so that we may bring the listing up to date.

*Reprinted permission of the attorneys for Arkham House. Source: 100Books by August Derleth, Arkham House Publishers, Sauk City, Wisc., 1962. p. 108.

LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS

From Robert Bloch:

"...it brings back a lot of memories, and I'm sure Augie himself would be pleased with such an evocation."

From James Turner:

"The Newsletter moves from strength to strength, and you will have a difficult job surpassing the Copper issue."

From Steve Eng:

"He remains more interesting to me for his lifestyle - many times I have pushed on, with literary endeavors with the thought 'Derleth wouldn't have been afraid to do this.' His lifestyle and example, more than what he wrote remain an influence. What he did for HPL is an incalculable influence in my life, since my first bent toward writing was HPL-inspired."

From Malcolm Ferguson:

"I see by the Feb. issue of Bookviews, (the new mag. pub. by Bowker) that an out-of-print book scout says that Derleth is among his most sought-after authors."

"Somewhere along the line, a note on his comic strip collection, a full article, perhaps by the Wisconsin Historical Society, would be interesting. Note particularly his interest in Clare Victor Diggins, who I never met, but whose strip I knew before I met August..."

EDITOR'S NOTE: If any members are interested in starting this project, particularly the Wisconsin Historical Society, we would be most happy to assist in initiating Mr. Ferguson's suggestion, or if members having information about this aspect of August Derleth's varied interests would care to share their information with the editor, he would be happy to have a go at it.

Until such time as a definitive Derleth biography is published, it will do no harm for us to begin compiling a series of articles on various aspects of August Derleth's life. These might one day form the foundation for just such a biography. However, the cooperation of our membership is critically important in gathering information. This cannot be accomplished in a vacuum, particularly when the vacuum is located in Connecticut.

From Stuart David Schiff:

"August was a shining light to me even though I never met him in other than our too infrequent letters. I always wanted to do something in the field and he was my first real professional friend. The oddity that struck me in Basil's closing was really an irony. It took August's death to bring me to the point of doing my own thing in the field of fantasy and horror. When he was alive, I saw no need but to sit back and enjoy the fruits of his work. I venture that neither WHISPERS nor the Whispers Press would exist today if Augie was still alive. It makes me sit back and think hard upon how one man I had never met influenced me so greatly as to make me want to take up where he had left off. Wherever you are today, August, I hope I have done right by you."

EDITORS NOTE: Stuart David Schiff is Editor/Publisher of WHISPERS/Whispers Press. He has been generous enough to offer the following discount to Derleth Society members on the following items published by his organization:

Lovecraft, H.P., A WINTER WISH, edited by Tom Collins. A collection of H. P. Lovecraft's poetry, the book is dedicated to August Derleth. The regular price for this volume is \$10.00. A signed (by Tom Collins, a member of our Society), slipcased edition (200 copies) is also available at \$20.00. The 10% discount may be applied to both prices.

Mr. Schiff states in part: "The volume gives great insight into Lovecraft and the amateur press associations that were such a driving force in his life. It also illustrates, at least to me, that Derleth was quite incorrect about passing off the bulk of HPL's poetry as just imitative and inferior to his weird stuff."

MESSAGE FROM ARKHAM HOUSE

Good news from James Turner, editor of Arkham House. He states in a recent letter, "...I suspect that the details concerning the estate, the continuation of Arkham House, and so on, will be disclosed in this company's next anniversary bibliography, either Forty or Forty-five Years of Arkham House, depending upon when we have time to prepare such a compilation. In the interim, AWD's mainstream work will be kept in print by Stenton & Lee, and there will be at LEAST ONE ADDITIONAL AH TITLE BY DERLETH, POSSIBLY SEVERAL." (The emphasis is my own - WD.)

DERLETH AS I KNOW HIM*

(Excerpted from the article by Ramsey Campbell - the following is continued from Newsletter #1)

And as his letters became friendlier his criticism of his own work seemed to sharpen:

18.1.63 "I think, out of close to 5,000 published pieces, I believe only about 2 to represent the best I could have done with more time and convenience. One is a short story later dubbed in as the final chapter of EVENING IN SPRING; the other a novella titled ANY DAY NOW, included in COUNTRY GROWTH. Apart from its formlessness at this stage, I am also reasonably well pleased with WALDEN WEST."

A pity, I think parenthetically, that nobody ever filmed EVENING IN SPRING - Bogdanovitch, perhaps. Did Derleth ever resent the amount of time he had to spend at the typewriter? Yes, but far less than most of us would. Writing THE SHADOW IN THE GLASS, which he initially regarded as a challenge, became "like pulling teeth." The one expression of pure resentment I can find relates to the fact that, having gone some way towards emulating Thoreau, he was unable to enjoy even that:

17.4.63 "All my deadlines are now met, and I am planning - apart from AH, correspondence and proofs - & of course my columns - and I'm doing some of them ahead now - to vegetate and enjoy the spring, which has come in far too warm - 77° today - when 57° would be about right; this has the unhappy effect of telescoping the spring - the vistas of unfurling leaves, opening flowers, etc., esp. the lovely soft green of the early spring landscape are telescoped; they last 3 to 5 days instead of two weeks or more, all of which I find maddeningly annoying, since I sat through a bitter winter for the express purpose of enjoying the spring, and all or most - of its most beautiful aspects will have rushed past before I've had full opportunity to enjoy the season."

Soon after came the letter for which I had searched in the mail each morning: his reaction to the final draft of THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE. Here's a further example of his criticism:

25.7.63 "As a general criticism, I have to point out that your endings tend to fall down. THE PLAIN OF SOUND, for instance, which is a good, interesting story, comes up with a weak ending. 'I saw what it took from its victims,' as you have it, is a let-down; it is simply not enough, at least for this old pro; we cannot imagine that 'it' took anything sufficiently horrible to drive Tony insane. There are others among the tales with endings that are weaker than the stories; the stories on the whole are strong and move along well, but they build up to relatively poor climaxes. It is very much like the standard cartoon of somebody lighting a giant firecracker with all the bustle and preparation attendant upon making sure everyone is out of the way, only to have the thing explode with a feeble pop."

Early in the following year he justified Arkham House's bias towards fantasy. Some of his points still hold true, sadly.

17.1.64 "Fantasy has a steadier market (and a less crowded one) than sf fantasy, which has too much bilge in it. The sf people seldom buy non-sf fantasy, whereas the fantasy devotees who buy our books buy everything in which they are interested, which includes sf if it's good. The sf people, the fans, that is, are in general a narrower lot."

One point about his weird fiction still surprises me on rereading:

6.2.64 "I sat down the other day to write THE SHADOW IN THE ATTIC after one of Lovecraft's notes in the Commonplace Book, and actually couldn't bring myself to make it a Cthulhu tale - I've reached saturation point, I suspect; so I settled for witchcraft."

Later he was to describe this story as reading "Like HPL tongue-in-cheek". Why bother writing at all on that basis? you may complain. Well, consider: on 4 March 1964 Derleth's bank balance stood at \$6,000, while Arkham House's printing costs for the year would be \$21,000. THE SHADOW IN THE ATTIC brought Arkham House books a little nearer your bookshelf, and it was to Derleth's credit that he could be objective about this and still find the urge to write.

Alert readers will note a discontinuity in the continuation of Mr. Campbell's article from Newsletter #1 to Newsletter #3. This unfortunate occurrence was caused by someone having misplaced the first half of Mr. Campbell's article. Since only one person is presently responsible for the ADS files, the assistance of Solar Pons will not be required to solve this mystery. Apologies to all. Mr. Campbell's article will continue in our next issue.

DRAINED (C)
by
Steve Eng

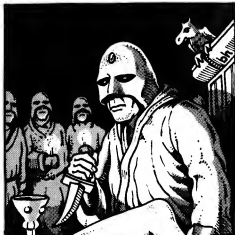
Church of the True Sinner's Saint
Rots under powdering paint;
Still the old worshippers file
Down the cold stone-and-brick aisle.

There the masked pagan priest rants
Blasphemy into his chants,
Over the virginal, still
Sacrifice poised for the kill.

"Kill me and I'll see you soon
Under the vampire-red moon,"
She promised just as he thrust,
Suddenly flaking to dust.

Two short weeks later it came:
Moonlight that dripped a red flame
Over the poor prayerless priest:
Tooth-marks showed he'd been the feast

(C) Copyright Steve Eng



THE SOLAR PONS OMNIBUS

A STATUS REPORT

The following publication announcement is excerpted from the addendum to the June 1977 Arkham House Catalog.

"...THE SOLAR PONS OMNIBUS (Derleth). Past explanations for its delay were in earnest, although the delay is no longer due to the artwork. We are now faced with the delicate task of timing and coordinating its publication with that of the other titles in our program. Since the investment in this one title alone is easily that of four typical publications, this is no slight responsibility. While we are committed to this project (the type has been set and the artwork completed), and while we deeply regret its premature announcement and continual delays, the management will not take unnecessary risks in order to hasten the publication of this work."

WORKS IN PROGRESS

RAMSEY CAMPBELL writes that:

"Bentam Books will publish two volumes of Robert S. Howard's Solomon Kane stories late this year, with introductions by me, plus three unfinished Kane tales which I've completed. I've just finished the first draft of a large new novel - 160,000 words - called TO WAKE THE DEAD, a supernatural terror tale, and am now at the typing. Last weekend my ghost story IN THE BAG won the British Fantasy Award for best story of 1977."

"MORELS AND IDEAS"

Cyril Owen of Middleton, Wisconsin has provided us with an article from the May 8, 1960 Milwaukee Journal: "Morels and Ideas," a photo essay of August Derleth afoot in the forests of May in search of mushrooms. Among several photographs is one of AWD in an attic room surrounded by long strings of drying morels hanging from the rafters; as fate would have it, a close inspection of another photograph reveals four copies of THE HOUSE ON THE MOUND stacked neatly on a shelf in the background. Our members will remember that this very book was the cause of some comment in our last Newsletter.

MEMBERS' CORNER*

"I had the privilege of becoming acquainted with Mr. Derleth when he first began writing, and have several autographed books. I recall a drive along the Wisconsin River with him and other friends, when he identified every wildflower, every bird call, each little animal, among them a turtle sunning himself in the roadway."

KIND WORDS FROM BASIL COPPER

"I think you are going to have a success on your hands and am glad you are getting so much pleasure out of it. August was such a basically nice person that I feel anyone who knew him and who was approached by you for copy or other material could not fail to respond if they were a normal human being at all."

*Our contributor to this month's Members' Corner has asked to remain anonymous.

AS VIEWED THROUGH AN EASTERN WINDOW

WALDEN WEST is a kind of celebration of life, a celebration containing both joy and sadness, but a celebration nonetheless.

We are given the privilege of seeing life in a small town through the eyes of a writer who possesses three great gifts: the ability to observe detail, to recall totally past events, and most important, to breathe life into the writing of what he has seen and remembered.

As August Derleth explores Thoreau's statement that the majority of men lead lives of quiet desperation, many familiar figures emerge; characters seen as passing shadows on the periphery of experience in his earlier work, *EVENING IN SPRING*, are viewed in greater depth, their lives explored in a fashion that gives the reader a sense of communion. One feels almost a part of the Sac Prairie community, perhaps even a member of the Derleth family, a family in which a child could grow up with a sense of security and a belief in the order of things.

For August Derleth, Sac Prairie was not a retreat from the world, but rather a kind of window, through which an observant writer could view the larger world. As *WALDEN WEST* alternates between observations on man and nature, the two blend together into an interdependent whole. This is American history, not the weighty recitation of great events far removed from the reader's daily life, but the real history of one corner of America (and perhaps of the world). It is the microcosm reflected in the microcosm; it is what August Derleth sought and found. By studying one corner of the planet in great detail he has seen and recorded something that is a part of us all: the small, delicate, transient beauties and sadnesses of life that are easily missed and all too easily forgotten.



Writing under his pen name of Stephen Grondon, August Derleth completed the stories found in *MR. GEORGE AND OTHER ODD PERSONS* during 1943 within the space of a single month. The collection was originally released over a period of eighteen years, however, beginning with "A Gentleman From Prague" (*WEIRD TALES*, November, 1944), and ending with the publication of "Miss 'serson," in 1963.

All but three of the seventeen stories in the collection have vengeance as their central theme, two dealing with love transcending the barrier of death, and one, "The Night Train To Lost Valley," fits neither category, but is suggestive of the Cthulhu Mythos.

Derleth appears from time to time, hunting morals in "Dead Man's Shoes," and again in "Mera," articulating the central theme of his own philosophy: "And, in essence, it is these little things which are life, for the major events of life happen only once, but the little things are its very fabric."*

MR. GEORGE has twice been made into a TV film. Five other stories from this collection have also appeared on TV, among them: "Mrs. Manifold," "Bishop's Gambit," "Alannah," and "The Extra Passenger."



Mrs. Manifold - by Bill Hertwig

MR. GEORGE AND OTHER ODD PERSONS was published by Arkham House in 1963 in an edition of 2,500 copies. Unfortunately, it is now out of print.

This was August Derleth's 107th book.

IN RE AUGUST DERLETH - A TRIBUTE

By Malcolm Ferguson

Concord, Mass. - I first wrote a letter from New Hampshire to August Derleth in August, 1941, and received a considerable reply. So began a correspondence and friendship which continued until his death in 1971. In the process we found that we shared a widening range of interests.

That first letter of mine was directed to the known to be a writer for *WEIRD TALES* magazine who was also interested in American graphic art - specifically, the comic strip. I think I addressed him as "Professor Derleth," which must have given him a chuckle.

I had also heard that he had reprinted a large volume of Howard Phillips Lovecraft's stories, at \$5, a sizable sum for me at that time (I was then a Harvard sophomore, being ten years younger than August). And yet, if for me a single copy of this book seemed so costly, I was to learn how much of a venture the printing of 1200 copies was for August Derleth and his friend Donald Wandrei.

So these were beginnings for me. I lent him some early comic strip material that my grandfather had collected, and some from Harvard. He criticized two stories I wrote, the first of little merit, while the second - which I put aside and ultimately lost - was, August thought "interesting, - make your motivation clearer, and be a little less casual in the build-up. The story is worth working over once or more times." He then gave me a copy of his *SOMEONE IN THE DARK*, the second book published by his Arkham House, noting, "I do not hold these stories up as ideal methods, but only as pointers along the way." He then made the first of a number of recommendations of other authors, whose work I could look at in the Widener Library at Harvard, or find means to buy. John Collier's collection, *PRESENTING MCCONSHINE*, was this earliest nominee, and fully enjoyed.

In 1942, at the end of my junior year, I was inducted into the army, and after some months in Alabama, was in England with the Medical Administrative Corps. In London I was able to find a rare book by the Irish ghost-story writer Sheridan LeFanu, which Arkham House needed for an anthology. In England, too, I met, at August's suggestion, the elderly Anglo-Irish writer Matthew Philipps Shell, author of *THE PURPLE CLOUD* and a dozen and a half other books. I visited him in Sussex, and found him most interesting, too.

I had married before leaving for Europe, and after the war was discharged in Missouri. My wife and I were re-united in Chicago, and paid a visit to Sauk City and Place of Hawks, now meeting August for the first time. We walked down the railroad tracks, visited the harness shop and looked briefly at his collections. By then the first of my few stories had appeared in *Weird Tales*. He was editing an anthology of fantasy-in poetry, *DARK OF THE MOON*, which gave me a chance to see what I might have read that he hadn't, perhaps some of the bittersweet, sometimes cruelty-revealing Scottish border ballads.

This has been to date my only trip to Wisconsin, and while I found it somewhat more open than New England, not that much unlike. August had been in New England in 1936, visiting Concord and Walden Pond. By the time we met, I had read his *VILLAGE YEAR* and *EVENING IN SPRING*, and knew country and village life from summers in New Hampshire.

Returning to New England, my wife and I settled in a farm house in New Hampshire where I attempted to start an antiquarian bookshop, with occasional writing for Yankee or the Old Farmers Almanack, and started our family. Here, August, visited us in 1947, including a drive to Wells, Maine, to discover the Atlantic Ocean is as cold in midsummer as the fresh water around Sac Prairie is in early spring.

We did not see August again until 1965. By then my wife and I and our four children had moved to Concord, Mass. My bookstore venture, never heavily capitalized, was shaken up when in my thirtieth year I had polio, luckily causing no irreparable damage, though in order to recoup financially and regain full use of a badly-weakened left arm, an 18-month hitch in a lumber mill was effective.

But like many other countrymen in the last century or more, the need to go where the money was took me to learn the language of electronics in a factory, first as clerk, then as librarian, and then on to Concord and access to nearby research-oriented companies around Route 126.

We were glad to locate in the Concord that had once harbored Thoreau, Emerson and Hawthorne. So gradually beyond the needs of making a living came chances to come on the Concord River, to see the Canada geese on the flooded waters of Great Meadow, or to see the 150 foot tall white pines in nearby Carlisle, the tallest I've seen in the swath of that species which sweeps westward to Wisconsin.

While August's visit had been before the Thoreau Lyceum was started, to serve as a center and house for Thoreau interests, with a replica of the Walden Pond cabin, and a collection of books by and about Thoreau and his circle of friends, August was able to see more of the town and the countryside than in his previous visits, and to walk around Walden Pond early one morning. His account of these visits, drawn from his journal (which ran serially in the Capital Times for many years) were gathered into a small book, WALDEN POND, HOMAGE TO THOREAU. Further, August's CONCORD REBEL is a fine biography of Thoreau, showing a sustained interest in his subject. This was August's hundredth book, most clearly and unaffectedly written with apposite quotations and wholly without strained conclusions or far-fetched judgments.

While the Thoreau Lyceum is only five years old, the Thoreau Society is about thirty years old. It meets once a year, in Concord. At this July meeting in 1971 I learned of August Derleth's death. I had been traveling and had not seen the papers before that.

I had been concerned as to how his estate would be managed, but could see no way to help from a distance. I did learn that Arkham House would continue, and that Roderick Meng, who had accompanied August to Concord, would administer it. I was pleased, recently to meet John Patrick Hunter of the Capital Times, and be assured that August's daughter, April Rose and son Walden were being provided for from the estate's proceeds. Mr. Hunter also wrote me of a new firm, B.V.A. Publishers of Verona, Wis., which is taking over August's regional books and has reprinted WALDEN WEST, and HOUSE ON THE MOUND. I also knew that new interests and reprint rights would bring in further royalties, especially as a new generation of readers developed. At this writing, over sixty of August's books are currently in print.

Questions still remained in my mind, however, about Place of Hawks, which might make a wonderful regional center for literature and the arts, if this were compatible with the family's interests; and about a possible disposition of his remarkable collection on the history of the American comic strip, which should be in a university or museum collection. On balance, however, the interests of August's family and avoidance of hasty and ill-considered disposal of at least three remarkable collections gives promise of good judgement and the best ultimate resolutions.

*IN RE AUGUST DERLETH - A TRIBUTE is reprinted from the Capital Times, November 5, 1973 by permission of Elliott Meraniss, Executive Editor.

ADDITIONAL CHARTER MEMBERS

Wilfred E. Beaver	Kenneth Alkire
Robert Beaver	Mrs. Walter Batzel
Ruth Beaver	Estella Bryhn
Mrs. William Beaver	Maureen Clouse
Mr. Dennis Centu	Mary E. Counselman
Mrs. Dennis Centu	Steve Eng
Robert Clouse	James Foster
Kristen Clouse	Odezza Frei
Richard Davis	Mrs. Darline Hon
Thomas Davis	Alionette Kuaster
Claire Emerson	Mary Garland Miller
Stephen E. Fabian	Frederick I. Olson
Walter Frei	Bernard O'Connor
Petty Frei	Dorris H. Platt
Ellen H. Hoy	Alma Poss
Debbie James	Mary Rak
William Kuaster	Dave Reeder
Kenneth Lange	Lynn C. Reynolds
Marion C. Michaels	Ronald A. Rich
Erhart Mueller	Steven Rutkowski
Dorothy O'Connor	Valerie Rutkowski
Marcelle O'Connor	Hazel Schams
Dennis Peterson	Walter V. Scott
Mrs. Dennis Peterson	Patti Smerling
Tara Peterson	Nanny Sherman
Anita K. Rigby	Herbert Stolz
Jean Smith	Mrs. Herbert Stolz
Richard F. Wald	Arthur Tofte
Colin Wilson	Jim Severance
Peter Blankenheim	Ralph R. Marquardt
The Heritage Writers	Round Table
Sparta Free Library	
Sparta Poetry Circle	
University of Wisconsin Mem. Library	
New York Public Library	
Library of Congress	
Quale, Hartmann, Bohl & Evenson	

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Newsletter #4 will feature a tribute to August Derleth written by Mary F. Counselman. Readers familiar with Mrs. Counselman's literary accomplishments may recall her many contributions to the SATURDAY EVENING POST and WEIRD TALES. Her latest book, HALF IN SHADOW, is scheduled for release by Arkham House this month.

A NEW LISTING

L. W. Currey of Elizabethtown, New York has prepared an up-to-date listing of August Derleth's works of fiction. While this is a copyrighted list, Mr. Currey has given us his permission to reproduce the list for members of the Derleth Society. He asks that: "In return, if you can shed any light on omissions or have any corrections, do let me know."

Since the list is quite lengthy and thus somewhat impracticable to include as a newsletter item (As the Society grows, space in the Newsletter achieves a premium status.), members who desire a copy for their records may obtain one by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the editor.

THE AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY NEWSLETTER ISSUE #3 - MAY 1978

The August Derleth Society was founded in August 1977 by Richard Fawcett of Uncasville, Connecticut as a non-profit organization to honor the late August Derleth for that author's many contributions to American literature.

The August Derleth Society is committed to:

- study the life and works of August Derleth
- promote the literary achievements of August Derleth
- encourage the efforts of writers, poets and artists

For membership information write:

The August Derleth Society
Wilfred E. Beaver, Acting President
418 East Main Street
Sparta, Wisconsin 54656

For Newsletter subscriptions write:

Richard Fawcett, Editor
The August Derleth Society Newsletter
61 Teecommas Drive
Uncasville, Ct. 06382

Subscription rate: Issues #1 through #4 only: \$1.00 for four issues. Please make checks payable to Richard Fawcett.

As we go to press, word has just arrived that the first meeting of the August Derleth Society of Wisconsin will be held at The Firehouse Restaurant at Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin on Sunday, July 16th. The full-course dinner is available at the bargain price of \$5.50 per person including taxes and tip. For further details contact Wilfred E. Beaver, 418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656.

Mr. Beaver will serve as acting president to open the meeting. Our agenda will include the usual organizational items: adoption of by-laws, election of officers, etc. It will feature a taped slide show about August Derleth, prepared and presented by Ronald Rich of Baraboo, Wisconsin. This meeting will provide many of us with an opportunity to meet one another for the first time. As editor and founder of the Society I look forward to seeing many of you at this meeting.

We are seeking candidates for the following offices:

Position	Nominated
President	Wilfred E. Beaver
Vice-President	Darline Hon (Mrs)
Secretary	
Treasurer	
Directors (6)	Hazel Schams (Mrs)

Our Society has passed its one hundred-twenty-fifth member. With the major portion of our promised advertising publicity still to come and with a healthy supply of material already in hand for Newsletter #4, we look forward to the completion of a successful first year and to a second year filled with promises of even better things to come.

Wilfred E. Beaver continues to amaze! Word has arrived of his appointment as membership chairman for Wisconsin for the Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror Films. Mr. Beaver informs us that membership is open to persons interested in this field. Contact the Academy at 334 W. 54th St. Los Angeles, Ca. 90037

PICTURE CREDITS

Pl. Logo - Frank Utpatel

All other pictures - Bill Hartwig

Entrepreneurs are advised that this page could have been used to feature advertisements for their endeavours. In an effort to keep this operation on an even keel and as a possible way of obtaining funds to share with our writer and artist friends, space in subsequent Newsletters is offered at a price of two dollars per inch for advertising purposes. Only advertisements pertaining to things literary will be accepted and the Society reserves the right to reject any and all advertisements it deems to be in bad taste or not in the best interests of the Society.

ADDITIONAL CHARTER MEMBERS

William Dutch	Maurice Tolock
Johanna F. Wyland	Dr. Donald A. Reed
Ralph Tolock	David James

Congratulations to Arthur Toftel! His book SURVIVAL PLANET won third prize at the Annual Awards Banquet of the Council for Wisconsin Writers.

AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY



VOL.1 NO.4

NEWS LETTER

A DERLETH TRIBUTE by Mary Elizabeth Counselman

Thanks muchly for inviting me into your August Derleth Society via the Newsletter. I think it's high time our genius lost of Sioux City was so honored. He was the needed oomph behind many of us sensitive writing-souls in the fantasy-horror-of genre - and literally killed himself working for us, all but non-profit. (I know! For we were very close friends since our beginning-years in WEIRD TALES.) I've scribbled most of his letters, dating from our salad-days before either of us had sold to the high-paying "slicks" and the new television media, but for Derleth's promotion of WTS's considerable talent, the Gloomy One would never have become the well-known Mesconelson-Wagus he is today. For only Derleth was the "practical idealist" he called himself once in a letter - an all-out enthusiast and promoter of talents he admired, with a solid head on his shoulders (Rare in a creative person). RPL was much too shy.

It seems strange to say I "never met" Derleth. We were the closest of friends, and couldn't wait to write each other about some personal trouble or triumph, over a period of years dating from 1939, shortly before my marriage to (Would you believe!) the great-grandson of Daniel Boone. (Like Frank Balkens Long, my ancestor's great-great-grandson, my ancestor's maternal side with the Jameson town Colony.

"An" consoled me as a sudden draft-widow when I was left, pregnant, with a huge steersboat we had bought to restore (The "roots" of STARKPORT were - trivial like a bride-train my small houseboat the "Silco"long). Our son, Bill (now 34) was born abroad, much to Derleth's delight in my uncontentious life. AD was always unorthodox himself; but by no means irresponsible to his family and friends - a fine distinction some deny. We had much in common - a love of smalltown and country life, family-fun, reverence of our parents, and loyalty to old friends. "On paper," we had even more - a life-long delight in history-and-legend, the writing of poetry, and writing of detective mysteries.

Derleth's Solar Zone stories charmed me, as I have always been a Sherlock Holmes buff. His fictitious "starry" of Mycroft & Poren (of A. Conan Doyle's spawning) tickled my fancy especially. Book Foreman, with a literary sense-of-humor

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equal to ours, ran one of Derleth's and one of Doyle's in a textbook my wild teenage son was studying in junior high school. In a later text they read my PENGUINS which Derleth first reprinted in a hardcover in his collection THE NIGHT SIDE, '47, published as a students' classic of the fantasy genre. So, as you can see, we "looked stony" for many years, as though reading as next-door neighbors. We each invited the other for a visit, and dug up lecturing jobs "between checks". But as fate would have it, we were involved in commitments in our own locales, and just never quite got together (luckily, perhaps. AD was irresistible).

Derleth had a sly sense of humor in a straight-faced, mock-serious way. He liked the light verse I wrote for "Post Scripts", and suggested that I do a collection of it. I was only now getting round to such book collections, retired and funded by a 1976-77 Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, in fiction. Derleth and I (and many another freelancer who battled for literary fame in the Depression Years and War II) would have been thrilled and astonished to be handed a \$6000 "funding", and told: "Do anything creative that comes to mind. No restrictions!" If Derleth had lived I am quite sure he would have received a very large grant to continue the work of Arkham House - through which he encouraged so many talents, including mine, Bloch's Bradbury's, Quinn's, Howard's, Jacobs's, Long's, Price's, Moore's, L'Amore's and a host of other WEIRD TALES writers, which list even included Tennessee Williams' first efforts. AD's "funding" of Arkham was, of course, entirely from his "sleek sales" to such magazines as REDBOOK for which he wrote several back-of-the-mag novels in a romantic vein that he poked fun at, privately, to me.

We were friendly rivals, always; never "put-down" though we played outrageous practical jokes on one another, mostly to jolt the other from the "dreadful writers' block". When annoyed at me, Derleth rather friendlyly denied me "jacket-blurb credit," mentioning my "dead others." I protested once, and he wrote back a friendly's apology that began "Dear Anne Others." (I told him I'd keep the "san news" for future use, like his "Stephen Grandson". He once put a snapshot of me next to the center of several handsome male contributors (WATKINS BY NIGHT, '57), but remarked that my "virtue" was in no real danger as most of them were dead. Of a local newspaper interview, during one he in the midst of trying to help a young led whose mother was in a mental hospital, AD said of the photo of me that I looked like I'd "just come back from a coven."

I twitted him in rebuttal with the fact that he was not included in Tony Goodstone's excellent symposium of fantasy bigs, THE PULPS (Chelsea - '70). I did not know, so far away, that he was very ill, dying. In corrective surgery for a lateral hernia did not sound so dangerous (He had told me, pal-wise, of every illness he ever suffered - holding my hand, verbally, when I lost my second child, following the loss of my precious steamboat and my husband's return from the Commandos - a traumatic time Derleth fully appreciated, in his discerning way.).

His last letter to me was from the hospital, with a shy, left-handed plea I was too stupid to catch: that they had "let me have a telephone in my room." He needed help, like the beleaguered leader in THE CAINE MUTINY. I was broke at the time, trying to buy a small house for my father's and mother's retirement years, or I would have hopped the first plane to give him a hand. I did write that all his financial worries could be swept away by a few television leases of Arkham properties. I had suggested CBS's program, THE UNFORSEEN, that had already produced several of mine from the paperback version of HALF IN SHADOW - long advertised by Arkham as a "Forthcoming" hardback (We both had sudden calls for "original story lines" from the NBC THRILLER hour-show, and then Rod Serling's new NIGHT GALLERY). Serling's untimely death was as much of a shock to me as that frantic bulletin from Sauk City, though without such grief...

I felt the deep shock one feels at losing a twin brother. Always, he had answered all my questions and idle curiosities about book-publishing - so different from that of magazine-writing, in which the magazine does all of the promotional work (Derleth said I was "just spoiled" when I refused to do a series of autograph parties. "Who do you think you are, Greta Garbo?" he yelled at me in upper-case type. "Of course you want to be alone! But we can't!!") I suggested Freebies as a promotional gimmick - some misnomer like those "Bride of the Peacock" rings WEIRD TALES gave away during the run of Ed Price's and Kline's BRIDE OF THE PEACOCK. Derleth said it was "undignified," and ordered me to a "Con" in Cleveland. I went - and manfully plugged all Arkham books, while attending classes and giving private lessons at the big Writer's Digest convention. At the bus station, following the "Con", I heard pistol shots outside, and was about to see what was going on. A nice black boy shook his head and urged me onto the bus - a watch-tick before the riots exploded in that city in the 1950's. I was trying to get together the later collection of my all-native fantasy-based stories, African tribal legends of the pre-Stanley era. Scott Meredith would not touch it, as our mutual agent. But Derleth dared to print my SEVENTH SISTER - the story of a little albino negro "voodoo woman-child," in his THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD, #47, as a true picture of the Southern-plantation blacks and their problems and "Uncle Tom" loyalties to their "white folks." I found that several of our Southern customs, such as "toting" home food - is incomprehensible to Northern and Canadian readers. (They all consider it stealing!) Derleth had had no experience with any such customs, but passed them along without fear of reprisal by those factions in political circles who consider only the indentured negro a "slave." (Whites were indentured, too, in all sections of America. Everyone is "indentured" who is in debt!)

Derleth was fiercely loyal to his choice of U.S. Presidents. He believed completely in the Kennedys, because of the help they gave cultural circles. We often "locked horns" about our sectional views on politics. But it never affected our lifelong affection for each other, and our personal, concerned interest in his family and mine. We swapped books, autographed to the others growing children, shared research data, and steered each other to buying markets - world-wide by that time. Neither of us were "jet-set," and both hated big-city life - and dilatantes who were "toying" with writing such-and-such Great American Novel (We were writing, not toying.).



August Derleth was gone. Derleth? I thought he was immortal. How could he be dead, like just "People"?

Derleth could not understand "gay liberation" at all, as he was strictly a "ladies' man" and a family man. That his only marriage ended in divorce was a tragedy to him - not the casual trial-marriage end-of-short-story it is to many nowadays. In his many unhappy love-affairs I was always a sympathetic confidant, as he was in my own personal problems with a homecoming soldier "brainwashed" to kill-or-be-killed. Many of my SATURDAY EVENING POST poems were love letters to "the troops" overseas, struggling with loneliness and a violence they had never experienced before. Some of my stories in WEIRD TALES, such as THE BONAN OF BALADEWA, empathized with the enlisted man (draftee); like my Navy seaman-second - insanely "land-bound" in Pensacola while his wife and baby "went down with the ship," our Big Dream of a gourmet dinner-and-marina business to support us in our old age. Although Derleth was never in service, he sympathized with the bewildered young men who were. And I ran a self-financed "USC" for those Displaced Civilians at Camp Sibert, and nearby Fort McClellan, who had no place in town to sit and drink their "three-point-two" and swap photo-showings of the folks back home. (I ran out of adjectives for these pictured wives and children and sweethearts - but not out of sympathy!) When we lost the "Leots," a great many young "Kilroys" were bereft and saddened to lose their 24 hour pass to write home - something out-of and old-world to write home about, "chaperoned" by earnest chaplains and hard-nosed sergeants of each outfit. (My price for a party was \$20 - only what it cost me to run my bilge pump on kerosene, and hire a caretaker to handle the rigging. All this in a later book!)

Derleth was fascinated by my boat-venture, as I was with his pyramid of publishing houses in tiny Sank City. He encouraged my writing of a long novel, titled PEACE IS A RIVER (Wryly commenting that one of his was titled RESTLESS IS THE RIVER!). My ms. was lost when the boat sank, so it never saw an editor's desk. But my love for Derleth didn't "go down with the ship." He patiently encouraged me to "try another novel" (I am just managing it, after a series of \$\$\$ family illnesses and "all those funerals," as Tennessee Williams said in his SPRETCAR NAMED DESIRE.). Many people think I am quite insane and "a recluse" because I do not lecture and travel, now that my devoted ex-vegetarian is bed-ridden from a stroke, emphysema and heart disease. Derleth would have understood. He never "deserted his post" either.

I am now happily "collecting" my magazine works, as he did many of his - but staggering under production prices he was only beginning to feel at Arkham. Many of the fantasy-fans run a small press, like my "Verity," in a backroom office while "moon-lighting" at some dull, manual job far beneath their creative talents. I also am publishing a poetry magazine, YEAR AT THE SPRING, to encourage young tyros... and older ones who "never had the time" to write. Canadian poets are welcome to submit something! I pay "old pulp rates" - laughable in these inflated times - or trade books instead if the contributor would rather work under the old pioneer "barter system" (Cowrie shells? Old Confederate bills? Well - if you must have a "medium of exchange," how about a "Yankee dime": oldtime Rebel slang for a kiss??

But... Save one for August Derleth, will you please? He deserves what we Southern children used to call "a bushel and a peck, and a hug around the neck!" From all of us!

*Anyone residing north of the Mason-Dixon Line! (Ed.)

HELLO WISCONSIN*
by Miles McMillin

In a travelogue about a trip to the North last week I misidentified Hawkeed, calling it Indian Paintbrush. A cascade of corrections came in but none from August Derleth who, through the years, has been my mentor in nature lore. Yesterday, I found out why. The sad news came that the illness which had beset him all last week had, unbelievably, stilled the tremendous vitality and sensitivity that moved him into the ranks of best literary talent this state has produced.

It is popular to sneer at those among us who have the courage to be individuals. So it was with Frank Lloyd Wright. So it was with August Derleth. Having had the privilege of knowing both of them I think I know the reason for their indifference. They were too busy doing what they wanted to do and enjoying the infinite mysteries and excitement of the world around them.

Like many, I was first attracted to Derleth by the beauty and power of his nature writing. It derived these qualities not only from his talent, but from his painstaking scrutiny of nature's minutest details. He never failed to identify a flower I called about. But more important, by his questioning, he taught me how to observe them so that they could be remembered.

His eye for detail is illustrated in some unpublished material he recently sent to me. I have had the notion that the new awareness of ecological values in this country ought to be a fertile field for him. We have been carrying on discussions about the possibility of the Capital Times renewing publication and syndicating his "Wisconsin Diary" to other papers. Among the items he sent were these:

"29 April - I spent two hours in the marshes just after sunrise this morning making notes on the precise colors of the spring - and the sources of the treads, yellows, green and shadings of those colors - for 'Annals of Walden West' the third and last of the 'Walden West' trilogy. While doing so I put up a bittern, which started up not far away and, flying low over the marshes and thus lower than the embankment on which I stood, afforded me my first view of the fine pattern of its feathers on back and top of wings, so much more striking than the plumage of its neck and breast, so colored as to make the bird seem an integral part of reed growths or old stumps, when it sought to camouflage its presence. And, too, I discovered despite my attention to the spring colors, quite by the accident of seeing the uncommon activity of a pair of chickadees, their nest in the hollow of a stump rising from the waters of the Spring Slough.

"30 April - The Woodcock nest found almost a fortnight ago drew me today; so I walked down to it, more than a mile from the car and found in it not three, but four eggs; but the nest, alas!, had clearly been abandoned. Though the eggs lay undisturbed the nest beneath them was wet, indicating that the hen had not been setting the eggs, for what reason, I could not determine.

"West of the village this evening the whip-poorwills began to call - a little later this spring than their average April 27th date for this area. I stood to listen to their cries ringing out of the darkening woods, and absently counted consecutive calls - not counting beyond 20 without a break - as for years I had done until the historic evening I had marked a new record of 1,507 calls, topping that of John Burroughs decades before. After twenty minutes of listening to what, was seven whip-poorwills calling, I went reluctantly home and back to my desk."

In his last letter to me, dated June 17, he wrote, after some preliminary business discussion, "Some time ago you wondered in your column about the origin of 'cat-tail'. Well, of course, you are right in saying that a cattail doesn't look much like a cat's tail - but when the mature

tail begins to go to seed it does look not unlike the tail of an angora, fluffed out as the seeds make it before the wind tears the head apart and scatters the seeds. Since many of these cattail heads are not broken down all winter, but stay puffed and fluffed out with seeds clinging to the head, the cattail in this form is actually visible for a longer time than the ripening head and may well have given viewers the idea of a cat's tail.

"I thought of you the other day when I went out for a ride in the country west of town - the coronilla were blue along the (unsprayed) roadsides, and I recalled you once asking me what they were. Have you noticed the spread of Scotch thistles? We never used to have them in this area. But about two or three years ago they began to show and now they're as thick as dandelions - and since they are the same, if large, kind of seedhead, only taller, they are making quite a show!"

It is said of him that he had a swollen ego. I suppose it is true. But I have found that most creative people I know are well endowed with self confidence. But I can truthfully say that I never saw him display self-pity which is the worst disease of the self-centered personality. He never brooded over his problems. He never sought to drown them in liquor. He was too busy enjoying the foibles and the glory of the people around him and savoring the mysteries and beauties of nature.

*HELLO WISCONSIN by Miles McMillin appeared in the July 5, 1971 issue of the Capital Times, Madison, Wisconsin, and is reprinted here by permission of Elliott Mareniss, Executive Editor of the Capital Times.



Steve Eng has provided us with the syllabus of a course taught by August Derleth at the College of Agriculture, Wisconsin University (no date), "American Regional Literature - Towards a Native Rural Culture." This includes an awesome, seventeen page, single spaced "Reading List" which illustrates, the impressive scope of Derleth's literary background. God help the poor student looking for a "gut" course if he signed up with AWD! He would either sink, or swim into an appreciation for our proud American literary heritage that would last him a lifetime!

Members will be pleased to know that Steve Eng's latest book of poetry, YELLOW RIDER COMING, is soon to be published by Neal Blakie, Eidolon Press, 4608 Nazaire Rd., Pensacola, FL 32505. Price is \$3.95 plus .50 postage. Good luck Steve! We hope your book proves to be a best seller.- Ed.

The above information comes from Fantasy Newsletter, published monthly by Paul C. Allen, 1015 W. 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537, at \$5.00/year U.S. & Canada \$9/yr. elsewhere. This is an excellent source of current book publication information and well worth the price to the fantasy fan.

NOSTALGIA by Steve Eng

Sorcerer wearies of casting
Spells that nobody can feel,
Ghouls are impatient with fasting,
Death-knells no longer will peal.

Churchyard is grown up with wild weeds,
Marble tombs settle and crack,
Will-o-wisp dies in the marsh-reeds,
Leprechauns never come back.

Vampires without an oasis,
Banashes with nothing to moan,
Ghosts who can't find where their place is,
Skeletons, graveless, alone.

BEHIND THESE EYES by Michael Kase

It took years to groom this disguise -
Don't be fooled by the friendly grin.
There's a creature behind these eyes.

In sleepless nights the moon does rise -
A voice howls from deep within.
It took years to groom this disguise -

The Dancer dances; the tune is wise -
And although I may resemble him,
There's a creature behind these eyes.

In desperate moments I realize
The door behind has locked me in.
It took years to groom this disguise.

And the wound of failure I despise!
But I cannot escape from my sins.
There's a creature behind these eyes.

Beneath the costume of handsome lies,
Shadows unmask the harlequin.
It took years to groom this disguise:
There's a creature behind these eyes.

DERLETH'S "WISCONSIN DIARY" by Bill Dutka

Between 1960 and November 1965 the Madison Capital Times published a weekly column, "Wisconsin Diary" written by August Derleth. The column was taken from the logbook he kept, in which he recorded daily activities, for over four decades.

Augie held very little back in his personal record-keeping or in his column. A reader could expect to find accounts of family holidays, village politics, school affairs, criticism of the state highway department or the postal service, extracts from his voluminous correspondence or his personal reaction to concerts, movies, art shows. But the continuing theme of his writing was description of nature as he walked along the Milwaukee Railroad into the marshes, walked the Genz pocket, sat on Big Hill Reading, climbed Perry Bluff or hunted morels during the month of May.

The constant reader of "Wisconsin Diary" soon acquired knowledge about flowers, birds, wild animals, astronomy and nature in general. Spring was probably Augie's favorite time of year. Early morning might find him spending an hour or so in the marshes. After a morning of work, he might take a new book and spend time reading and observing on Big Hill or in Wright's valley. The day would be ended after an hour or so walking a country road in Genz Pocket listening to the sounds of the night or keeping track of the stars.



August wasn't the best month to be in the marshes because of mosquitoes, gnats, and flies, but Augie always managed to get out once or twice a week.

His entry for August 25, 1963 described two exploratory walks that day.

"Into the marshes this morning at 6:30 by way of the railroad bridges...Mists still lay over the river, but south of the east channel bridge three great blue herons could be seen, mists notwithstanding, wading to forage in the river after minnows and lesser fish.---Many more birds gave voice this morning than did two weeks ago, and they are considerably more active. A cedar waxwing flew up from under the bridge to snatch a passing moth-- a king fisher sailed out on short foraging flights from the exposed end of a limb belonging to a tree sunk into the riverbed--a red-shouldered hawk soared over the woods, screaming--the voices of killdeer rose pensively to ear, now and then, not wildly crying as usual throughout spring and summer, but peculiarly autumnal, muted and altered in tone---three mallards flew up from the Spring Slough as I went by--a little blue heron left his perch near the slough and flew plaintively away--peewees and wood thrushes persisted in song all the way to the brook and back.

The bottoms this morning were fragrant with the musk peculiar to moist lowland areas, though the lack of rain was everywhere apparent--in no place more so than in the shallower sloughs, which had dried up for the first time in 50 years. The lack of moisture, however, did not affect the flowers; still in bloom were penstemons, sneezeweed, wild peppermint, hemlock, water-parsnip, various goldenrods and wild sunflowers, bouncing bett, rattlesnake weed, wild clematis though much of the earlier flowering clematis had gone to silken seed, fully as beautiful as the blossoms, horse-mint, evening primroses, wild bergamotte, iron weed, Joe Pye weed, white boneset, balmoney, spotted touch-me-not (very attractive this morning to humming birds), blue vervain, bindweed, wild cucumber or balsam apple, watercress, swamp thistle, broad-leaved arrowhead, and cardinal flowers---great spires of brilliant red blossoms which led the eye to themselves wherever they stood, close to the Spring Slough. Trestle the seedballs of the buttonball bushes were beginning to change from green to red.

Fog still lay over the upper meadow, now out to hay, while I stood contemplating it, the church bells rang out---first the bells of St. Aloysius in Sac Prairie, then the more resonant and mellow bells of St. Norbertus in Roxbury, I walked on to the Brook Trestle, and saw there that the water was higher than it ought to be, and flowing very little; so I concluded that the beavers had again dammed the brook, this time west of the trestle out of view of the embankment, affording evidence that the wild life of the marshes goes on, on its own terms, no matter what interference men interpose, short of the destruction of the animal habitat in its entirety."

That afternoon family for a hills and val-noting in his were taking coming of of the outdoors still not satisfying Augie the village

"Walked the with Pete Blank light late to-was very cool too cool for cool enough to tumnal fragrance tails. The moon and change color as it neared the claw of light there. There the cherring of stridulation of ked, making pleasant small talk, for well over an hour before turning homeward."

Augie would have preferred to spend more time walking, contemplating and observing, but the press of business always forced him to return home. One must remember that in the 1960-1965 period, he was a writer, lecturer, teacher, Arkham House publisher, book reviewer, correspondent, editor, publisher of the quarterly "Hawk and Whippoorwill" and parent.



Augie took his ride through the leys west of town log changes that place with the autumn. His love and nature was fied, so that and his friend, barber--

lenz Pocket Road unheim--by moonlight. The night and very pleasant, mosquitoes, and sharpen the au-of corn and mare's seemed to enlarge to a smoky orange horizon with a cloud resting was no sound but crickets and the katydids --- Walked over an hour before turning homeward."

DERLETH AS I KNEW HIM*

(Excerpted from the article by Ramsey Campbell - the following is continued from Newsletter #3)

...On publication of THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE I became "Dear John" and he undertook to advise me more paternally on films:

11.6.64 "Well, in time you may learn to appreciate TOM JONES more than you do now. I recall my own impatience and intransigence as a youth, and HPL said virtually the same thing to me, and of course he was right."

He wasn't right on this occasion, but that's not the real point of the quote. Perhaps the whole cycle is that of Derleth's PRABODY HERITAGE: after I am dead, who will turn me over? or rather, what young writer may I take under my wing? At any rate, this sort of apprenticeship may go some way toward explaining why there is such a sense of tradition in fantasy.

Here's a possible explanation of Derleth's dislike of fans:

20.6.64 "One of the crosses established authors and editors must bear is smart kids of from 8 to 30 who, having read a little about a subject, think they know it all and have become authorities, capable of carping intelligently at the writing they read."

Although Derleth was a liberal conservative (At least, that's the way I read him) politics seldom found their way into our letters. Except in one darkly prophetic instance:

7.11.64 "Thank heaven the election is over at last! I hope now that Goldie and the incredible Nazi Dean Burch and Miller and Nixon will crawl back into the woodwork, and the Republican Party can rebuild with younger, more moderate men, away from the stupid extremists!"

Strangely, although his opinion of critics in general was low, he could embrace their opinions for convenience:

20.1.65 "I wasted no time on THE CARPET-BAGGERS, though the movie was certainly better than the book, which was typical of its kind of fiction. It couldn't have been as bad. I didn't read the book, either, but read enough of the reviews to know."

Reading through the file now I encounter a comment that seems ironic in retrospect - a demonstration of the importance of timing in publishing:

11.3.65 "Re Mervyn Peake - he is in very bad health and in a very bad way financially, I understand, if indeed he hasn't passed on. I heard from mutual friends, who had wanted Arkham to republish him over here, but that was simply impossible, for neither of us would have made any money, and I'd have lost heavily, since these are very long novels."

It was around this time that fragments of Derleth's philosophy and experience began to appear in his letters, perhaps because he considered me old enough to take them:

12.10.65 "Women are more disillusioning than any other human experience for a man. I could recite a long list of them, beginning with Lilliam (the Margery of EVENING IN SPRING) and carrying right down almost to the present. Much as I enjoy the fair sex and their company - and they certainly reciprocate that enjoyment - I tend now to prefer the company of my own sex. A sign, I suppose, of middle age, but in a sense that was always true. Much as I liked the girls, I found that my friendships with members of my own sex took deeper root. Yet I am still in touch with all my former girl-friends. Indeed, this month I am publishing a book by one of them to whom I was once engaged."

Also, more distressingly, intimations appeared of his approaching collapse, even in a Christmas vignette:

8.12.65 "I am always glad when the holidays are over - the pressures and tensions increase every year, and my ability to take it all decreases with age. Mother is baking cookies today, with April to help her - Rikki is typing the final draft of the new pastiche for magazine submission - and I am catching up on the mails, much of which had to be put by until I got the new story off - and the last story for some time, too! I have been so tied down here that I've had little chance for an escape."

Early in the following year another warning shadow suggested itself:

4.1.66 "After I got off THE WATCHER ON THE HEIGHTS for Fall 1966 publication, I plunged into a new anthology of regional writing, A WISCONSIN HARVEST, and this has now been completed apart from preparing it for publication, did another Solar Pons tale, revised one book of poems, put together another, and now face another junior novel! It's getting to be too much for me, actually."

DERLETH AS I KNEW HIM is copyright (c) 1973 by Ramsey Campbell and is reprinted here by permission of the author. Portions of the work will be continued in Newsletter #5.

August Derleth believed that his best work was to be found in these books--

WALDEN WEST
VILLAGE YEAR
EVENING IN SPRING
COUNTRY GROWTH
SAC PRAIRIE PEOPLE
THE SHIELD OF THE VALIANT
WISCONSIN IN THEIR BONES
VILLAGE DAYBOOK
PLACE OF HAWKS
THE MOON TENDERS

and suggested that WISCONSIN EARTH was the best cross-section introduction both to Sac Prairie and to his works.

*100 BOOKS BY AUGUST DERLETH, Arkham House Publishers, 1962, p. 120. Reprinted with permission of the attorneys for Arkham House.

SOLAR PONS LIVES!

Word has arrived that Pinnacle Books will publish THE DOSSIER OF SOLAR PONS in December. This is Volume I of Basil Copper's new Solar Pons series.

The first volume will include "Explanation" by Lyndon Parker M.D., "The Adventure of the Perplexed Photographer," "The Sealed Spire Mystery," "The Adventure of the Six Gold Doubloons," "The Adventure of the IPI Idol," "The Adventure of Buffington Old Grange," and "The Adventure of the Hammer of Hate."

Solar Pons fans will look forward to this event with eager anticipation, especially as the work is heralded as Vol. I - a promise of even more to come.

"I am a 'Derlethophile' - live about 9 miles from his estate 'Place of Hawks.' I count among my friends one of his lifelong companions, Pete Blankenheim, the town barber."
-Jim Severance

"My interest in A. D. has led me to start a collection of his Sac Prairie prose and poetry books. I have some 50 in my collection now. As far as I can ascertain I am missing three - all out of print.

BY OWL LIGHT 1967
COUNTRY PLACES 1965
PLACE OF HAWKS 1935

Perhaps the Newsletter could be a medium for collectors of Derlethiana (a word he coined in one of his columns)."

-Bill Dutch

If anyone can help Bill with the above, he can be reached at 554 St. Charles Rd., Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60137

"I'd be absolutely delighted to be an honorary member of the Derleth Society."
-Colin Wilson

"The Utpatel picture is superb!"
-Bill Hartwig

Steve Eng had very much the same thing to say about your own work, Bill. - Ed.

"I am presently Treasurer of the Sauk Prairie Historical Society and we are interested in anything in relation to August Derleth and his works. If I can be of help, I'll be glad to assist."
- Ralph R. Marquardt

"I own two A. Derleth letters in xerox form. They were the basis for a bibliography I was compiling...Also have information on fiction in anthologies and in books by A. Derleth."
- Jerold Rauth

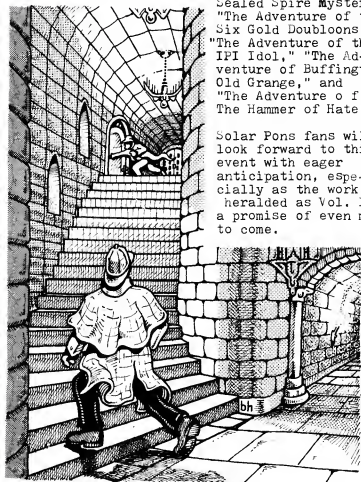
Mr. Rauth has generously consented to share his materials with the Society. - Ed.

"Noting in Xenophile that there is now an August Derleth Society, I would appreciate details. I have long been a fan of his, and corresponded with him at one time prior to his death. And I do collect his works."
- Michael L. Cook

"Thanks for the copy of the 2nd August Derleth Society Newsletter, which I enjoyed reading."

- Paul Allen

Mr. Allen is publisher of an excellent new reference publication - "Fantasy Newsletter" published monthly at \$5.00/year. His address is: Fantasy Newsletter, 1015 W. 36th St. Loveland, Co. 80537. Loveland is one of the most beautiful cities in the US of A; I've been there twice - Ed.



Joseph Payne Brennan writes: "In spite of continuing health problems, I haven't been idle. Crystal Visions Press will shortly issue a booklet of new poems; a collection of my short stories in paperback is due from Jove! and I am collaborating with Donald M. Grant in completing a book to be entitled ACT OF PROVIDENCE. This last will combine Lovecraft lore, my private investigator, Lucius Leffing-- and THE "First World Fantasy Convention!"

The Crystal Visions Press publication, AS EVENING ADVANCES by Joseph Payne Brennan is available at \$3.00 the copy from Charles Melvin, 809 Cleermont Drive, Huntsville, Ala. 35801. This is a limited run of 400 numbered copies, the first 100 signed by the author. - Ed.

FUTURE NEWSLETTER FEATURE

Volume 2 No. 1 (Whole Number 5) will introduce a new series to our readers. "The Derleth Connection" will feature biographical sketches of persons whose paths crossed that of August Derleth (To paraphrase a comment from Steve Eng: Since Derleth knew everyone this could go on forever. - We sincerely hope so!)

We are honored to have as our first contributor to this feature Joseph Payne Brennan. Fans of Mr. Brennan will be delighted with this brief, but highly informative portrayal of Mr. Brennan's life and literary development.

For issue #6, Frank Belknap Long has authorized your editor to prepare an article on his behalf. Mr. Long notes in a recent letter that at least one piece of information he has supplied us will provide the ADS Newsletter with a "first."

WISCONSIN MAP SOCIETY

Among the several societys to join with us is The Wisconsin Map Society. At the Map Society's June 3rd meeting founder-president Wilfred E. Beaver stepped down as the Society's head. He was honored with an honorary life membership in the Map Society. Mr. Beaver has indicated that he is limiting his activities somewhat in order to give more attention to the August Derleth Society. Thank you, Wilfred. We're grateful.

The August Derleth Society Newsletter Volume 1, Number 4 is published August, 1978 by Richard H. Fawcett, 61 Teecomwas Drive, Uncasville, CT 06382. Back issues of the Newsletter are available at .25 each. For Newsletter information write the above address. For information about joining the Society write: Wilfred E. Beaver, 418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656.

"There are two reasons for my special interest in Derleth's writings. When I was an eighth grader "Augie" was a student in the seventh grade side of the room. Some of his memories are mine, too. At the time we did not realize that our school-mate would one day be a celebrity.

For another personal reason I appreciate Derleth's writings. He wrote so beautifully about my father in WISCONSIN COUNTRY, A SAC PRAIRIE JOURNAL."

Sister Florence Marzolf

"I knew August for about 14 years. During that time I went with him on several of his mushroom hunts and I have several pictures of those hunts. Also, I was sort of his official photographer during those years. Many of his books show pictures of him taken by me. It was a real pleasure knowing him and an education to be in his presence."

Ronald A. Rich

HELP!

Does anyone know where the phonograph recordings made by August Derleth may be obtained?

Anyone having extra copies of Derleth recordings or books please contact Wilfred E. Beaver, 418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656. Mr. Beaver is trying to fill in the collections of local (Wisconsin) schools and public libraries.

This issue's RECOMMENDED READING section fell victim to space limitations. It will be continued in the next issue.

Headline from THE CAPITAL TIMES, Thursday, June 15, 1978: "Derleth Society Growing By Leaps: We received almost a full page!

THE TIMES also ran a short article about the Society on May 30th.

THE SAUK PRAIRIE STAR (date?) publicized our annual dinner meeting.

Membership in the Society should reach 200 by July 16th!

The August Derleth Society is now affiliated with the Western Wisconsin Regional Arts (119 King St., La Crosse, WI 54601), The Wisconsin Map Society (418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656), Wisconsin Regional Writers Association (521 Grant St., Wausau, WI 54431), and the Wisconsin State Historical Society (816 State St., Madison, WI 53706).

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